

after the prize he had rejected. But the prize itself was now not to be had, unless a miracle should happen.

So it did. O'Grady thought the problem over, long and often. He had tried to gain the greatest possible influence over Sally, so as to turn it in favour of the younger, but to his dismay he found that she disregarded and sometimes sharply resented his efforts to restore the young fool to her favour. Instead, the girl showed symptoms of more than friendship for herself. This would not do at all. He did not fancy the young lady quite so much—not in that way, at any rate—he only liked to hold her and Quessy in his hands, and play with them, metaphorically speaking. He had now, without anyone noticing, gained complete control of her and her father; but this did not enable him to ring the poor languishing boy back into the fold. It would do no good to go further on this tack, especially if Sally should really become fond of him. Fortunately, she had not yet realised her own feelings.

Only a miracle could bring matters back into their proper course, and at last he found a way to work it. He wrote and showed to her a letter, purporting to have been written by the man who committed suicide, to himself.

"Dear O'Grady:—To gain time I have sent this letter under cover to a friend in Ireland, who will, I hope, send it back to you, without opening of course, so that you will receive it nearly three months after it is written. By that time all will be over with me."

(The date of the letter was just two days before the big smash of the bank, and the suicide of the man. The letter was, of course, sent to be received by O'Grady three months later.)

"This is a diving confession. You know I was always fond of Manila lottery tickets. You do not know that during the last three or four years I have been plunging heavily. Last month I had the biggest plunge, a thousand tickets, and only got a fifty for it all. Altogether I have sunk \$30,000, and never got a cent but this once. Now I would win, I know, but I can't go on."

"You do not know where I got all the money. You often used to say I lived three times my income, and you were right. You used to say I must have got it at Kowloon, but there you were wrong. I lost at Kowloon, sometimes \$2,000 in one night, and hardly ever won. I got all this from the firm. Of course, as all fools like myself do, I expected to repay with winning; and would, I know, if I could have kept it up only a week longer. That \$30 in the Manila was the turn of my luck—but too late!"

"I got all the money by altering the books. You may know that for two years I have had all the books of our firm in my hands. Well, all that time I have altered them. Lately, young Quessimo, who does one branch under me, spotted it. Like a young fool, he told me of it first, and I like a devil persuaded him to keep mum. Then I had to make a bigger effort to keep the book from the boy's hands. As it was in Quessy's books, of course he thought Q. had done it, and so he spoke to me. Some friend prompted me to leave him under that impression, and he at once set about a thorough investigation. Then I knew it would all come out for Quessy has only been here six months, and the books have been cooked from month to month ever since I had them. So I said nothing to anybody, but decided to get out of it. By that time a close watch had been put on Quessy in the Hong, so I could not leave the Colony. There was nothing left but to put an end to myself."

"Now I am writing, with a bottle of laudanum (for treacher) before me, I want to put everything straight as I can. The money has gone, and there's no getting it back. From what I know of the firm's present standing, I think this will smash it badly. It would not be really insolvent, if only time could be obtained; but a rush, just in time, find it and it would be insolvent, and the assets, if realised hastily, would only fetch about thirty per cent. The banks, that have advanced will be let in badly too."

(It would not do to predict exactly all that had happened, as O'Grady made the man seem not to expect a total collapse of the Federated Far East Bank.)

"Another thing—young Quessimo will be under suspicion. I am afraid that by this time he may be in good luck to accomplish exactly what he knew nothing at all about. I. Nobody knew that he had detected it, tell them from me simply that he knew nothing at all of it."

Other matter there was in the letter, to make it look natural. O'Grady fixed the whole thing beautifully, and threw it to Sally first. He explained that, according to this, Quessy had acted foolishly, yes, but not in a bad way. He had been through his own magnanimity he had on great risk of being imprisoned for a long term; that while the suspicion was liable to fall on him, he could not in honour ask to have his engagement kept; and that he was thus making an appalling sacrifice which would ruin his young life.

Sally opened her innocent eyes at this, and looked away for full five minutes. In silence, the two sat thinking, thinking, thinking. Each of them in wild uncertainty as to what was coming. Sally was suddenly seized with an idea that he was doing a horrible thing—driving a girl into a union with a man whom she supposed to be a hero, all the time that he was a low-down, mercenary coward. In concealing the letter, O'Grady had entered on his task so earnestly that he had come near regarding the story of the young man's self-sacrifice as the truth. Now this letter was shown to one person—would it not get to others, would it not be in the hands of Quessy's enemies now in the throes of a tedious litigation? Would it not lead to an examination of the books he had pretended were falsified? Would not his whole plot be shamefully exposed, and Quessimo in worse disgrace than ever? But then, again, the boy might have been self-defending in other ways. He had not, of course, done as this as falsely represented in the letter of the dead man; but he knew, he must have known when that man committed suicide, that the firm was bankrupt; and so it might have been—nay, it was to a certainty self-defence that impelled him to break the engagement. Then, thought O'Grady, what was the need for this heroism forward alone? Oh, of course, that had been tried, and was not regarded. He had tried every straightforward effort, without success, so this now would come to be excused. Ah, after all it was all right.

Meanwhile, Sally too had been trying to collect her thoughts and analyze the situation. It was a simple enough matter: there had been trouble, the engagement had to be put off—only put off; then she had thought he did not care for her, but thanks to this good friend she knew better now. Yes, it was all right again, and he would surely come back to her before long.

"You had better destroy that letter, Miss Sally; there is no need for any confession from the poor fellow now, as no suspicion has been attached to anybody, and it would be a charity to him to bury his story."

Thus the plot was completed, the comedy was ended, and the secret was hidden away for ever.

FINIS.

"Apollo strikes the lyre."

The ancient songs relate,
Though what he hit the lyre with
They all come to state.

"The lyre"—only one
There seems to have been then
But now he'd have no end of fun
With the present race of men.

For all men now tell lies—
Of course they say they don't,
But even in that they and
They lie, as is their wont.

A very few confess
They love truth, if they could;
But they think that some the less,
Sometimes to lie is good.

A JOURNEY TO THE WEST OF CHINA.

(From Shanghai Mercury.)

"Ichang, a small place on the way to Chungking." Such was the adequate description of a Shanghai journal. But that was in the old days when life in Ichang was synonymous with exile. Now, however, since the "latest slot" has brought the little port into prominence, and the ordinary foreigner has by the aid of the "last revised" atlas discovered where Ichang really is, matters have changed. So, at least, we found it, when after a pleasant trip from Hankow during which we received many courteous favours at the hands of Captain Cain and the officers of the *Teh-king*, we anchored opposite the dingy building that does duty for the British Consulate. While, speaking of steamers it is impossible not to express delight at the change from the time when the Hankow-Ichang traffic was practically in the hands of the company that flies the Dragon Flag. Then travellers and some shippers knew what carelessness dictated with insolence meant, but happily that can be avoided now. The business of Ichang was in full swing, junks bearing the different house-flags were lying abreast of the steamer, some just down the river, others preparing for the up-journey. Quite recently the Customs staff has received extensive additions, the question of "quarters" being solved by hiring large Szechuen junks for the new arrivals, as well as for the two missionaries who have returned to resume the work interrupted by the civil war.

Our business in Ichang was to prepare for a journey to the west, and the object of this note is to give some of the impressions received by the way. First, then, a boat must be obtained. This is by no means so easy as may at first appear. Owing to increased traffic and the demand for large boats at Ichang, prices have advanced considerably, and the traveller is lucky if he can strike a fair bargain within the first twenty-four hours. The usual plan for amateurs, globe-trotters and the like is to utilise the services of some one's house-boy who can get a "rough" English. As it is, however, a self-dimly intelligible and he receives the commission to get a boat "chop chop." Sometimes the steward of the steamer "runs the thing," which he is perfectly willing to do, with the greatest courtesy, providing, of course, that he has a free hand; one such venture is well within memory. Some enterprising travellers from afar had come to "do the gorge." It happened to be a late season and the water was high, even in September, but a boat was hired at an almost staggering price, and a start made. The first half of the First Gorge was made all right and then a mere temporary stop of three days to await falling water was indulged in, to the chagrin of the tourists, whose temper rapidly became worse as the days dragged on. On the third day the boatman was called and by the help of the English-speaking "cook," was informed that "a start must be made to-morrow morning." The boatman expostulated strongly and long, but ultimately succumbed to the inevitable and prepared for the start. In the morning all hands were duly fed, put ashore, and a long rope paid out, then the boat was pushed out from the little cove and gradually came into the full force of the current rushing at the base of a magnificent cliff. The trackers stood in a small recess, on a scanty ledge of rock (the proper place being submerged) and pulled for all they were worth. There were a few moments of suspense, then with a snap snarl the rope parted, the boat swung out into the river and commenced a series of rotary movements, which seemed somewhat childish in a boat of its build and proportions. After a rapid run for a long distance down-stream, the shore was finally reached and a mooring place found. By this time the boatman was pretty well scared and the tourists badly enraged. Seeing the boatman "professing" to have a friend, the "foreign man" to stay till the water should subside—foreigner with fists up and a strong vocabulary—wealthy in explicatives, demanding that the boat set out again at once or he'd "knock his out of him"—a friendly blow or two being thrown in by way of emphasis. Well, this continued, with some variations, for three days longer and the travellers set out for Shanghai, leaving the boatmen, middle-men and sundry hangers-on, to enjoy their gains.

The ruling prices, in season for ordinary four-roomed boats capable of accommodating from three to five persons, is from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty-five taels. Three-roomed boats will go for about one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty taels. This includes boat, trackers, wine money, extra trackers at rapids and all incidentals. When one considers that a crew of thirty all told is needed for a month, besides a small boat to act as consort, having six more men, the marvel is that it can be done so cheaply, yet it must be when foreigners are so few and their offers ranging from twenty per cent, cheaper than these.

The river has apparently grown busier. One sees flags that promise to become familiar, such as Butterfield and Swire's, Jenkins', and others, flying at the stern of the huge, well-manned junks that in this case must act as pioneers to the long expected "fire-wheel ship" unless the "fire-wheel carriage" happens to come along first and thus verify the hopes of some ancient Chinese.

"How far to the rapids?" is the ever recurring question. It is difficult to say anything about these rapids that will not conflict with what someone else has already said and perhaps written. One may insist that there is a "direct fall" of ten feet, while another avers that there is no fall at all, but the fact is the aspect of the river changes and what may be true of one season of the year will not be equally true of another. The fact is that at this time of the year there are some pretty respectable rapids that would be difficult of navigation for any kind of craft. Notable among these are the "Shin," the "Yeh" and the "Shan" rapids. At these the added from fifty to sixty men, put out double ropes, and were prepared for squalls generally. These rapids present the greatest problem in the increasing traffic in this upper river. For example, at the "Shin" rapids there could not have been less than one hundred junks, large and small, waiting to be towed up. A moderate "wait" of ten to twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the average crew would be about thirty men, thus the rapids are approximately, three thousand persons lying idle from one to two days, to say nothing of the delay of goods in transit and damage to the boats by the pounding and screeching while all are jammed together at the foot of the rapids. There are many rapids to be

avoided and delays longer or shorter occur at all of them. What is needed, is some uniform plan, rigorously enforced to get boats up quicker; a good energetic man to regulate matters would greatly facilitate this business and remove a great nuisance from the river. At the entrance to the province of Szechuen one finds the "new road" of which so much has been said, about six feet in average width, solidly faced with stone and raised to a considerable elevation above the river; this road should be a valuable means of communication when the waterway is impassable. It was a huge undertaking. At places the whole roadway was blasted from the solid rock; the overhanging cliff now forms a roof above the road, chasms had to be bridged, steps built and other difficulties overcome, till the cost must have been enormous, but much of its value is neutralised by the fact that it is incomplete. The provincial authorities of Szechuen have done their part, the road is built quite level with the boundary between that province and Hupoh, and there it stops short. The Hupoh powers appear to have done nothing, so the thing remains a practical failure as a means of inter-communication.

There is no difference in the attitude of the people towards us in the main it is friendly. The same old stories about the "precious treasure" are retailed. One man even told us that some foreigner had offered three hundred taels for a case in the mountain side, but could not procure it because it was filled with treasure, though only a foreigner could get it. To-morrow we expect to reach Kueifan, the great link station and point of delay to boats in general. It will be interesting to see how they treat boats with the foreigners aboard; rumour speaks of such delay of cargo junks, ordinarily, as to be more than a nuisance.

(To be continued.)

A DISASTROUS GOVERNMENT HOUSE RECEPTION.

The *Ceylon Observer* gives the following account of the sudden breaking up of a garden party at Government House, Kandy, from a very unexpected cause:—

(By our very Special Correspondent.)

The newspapers duly advised us that the Lady Havelock would hold an "At Home" on Friday, the 12th instant, and I, with others, as in duty bound, wended my way in the direction of the Pavilion to pay my respects, fully anticipating that the event would be fraught with pain as well as (though it may appear contradictory) affording great amusement. My approach to the residence of the representative of Royalty was from the north, by what is commonly known as "the back entrance." I found the road lined with carriages of various descriptions, showing that there was a goodly attendance. On reaching the edge of the lawn in front of the buildings, I noticed a hurried movement among a number of the fair sex towards one end of the garden; but there was nothing to attract particular attention for the moment, and I was bent on making my way to the "hostess," but before reaching her some one said "look at the dog!"—a black, handsome, which I perceived was behaving in a strange manner, yelping and barking rather now and again. I went towards it, hoping to catch it, but in vain, and found that I had to look to myself and my own protection. I then noticed a lady making a sudden dash at a gallant Colonel, who turned out to be her husband, and she appeared to me to be slapping his face and head. He bore it with apparent impunity for a few seconds and then rushed off in a frantic manner, his head in a bush close by. The third time I saw the dog, he was sweet music, when suddenly there was a deep sound, and the black men were seen throwing down their instruments, and scattering in all directions, except an aged drummer who stuck to his drum and his post, indifferent to what was going on around him. A well-known planter and V. A. rushed off at full speed, but he had a wretched fall; his toe coming in contact with a stone, he shortly measured his length on the ground. The servants in the Pavilion, regarding less of all rules, rushed off in the direction of the guard-room, evidently to "turn out" the guard and summon his comrades to the rescue. Horses were seen jumping and prancing about, threatening a general smash-up of vehicles, and then there was a general stampede of all carriages, and the ground was soon cleared, leaving only one unfortunate horse, who suffered severely for his driver's rashness in keeping him there. A few moments later the scene was scattered in the wind, and it was a case of *casus belli*. Gentlemen and ladies were seen rushing off here and there, percolating, frantically and beating the air to such an extent that, to a stranger, it must have appeared that he had come across a set of lunatics out for a holiday. Some ladies rushed into the Pavilion, one throwing her hat here, another loosening her hair, and letting fall sun dials, "pads," &c.; another dropping gloves, (in and outside), and still another, in the confusion, dropping her hat, her haste, regardless of where she was going, stumbled over a stalwart gentleman in white who had sought refuge under a carpet in one of the Pavilion rooms; another rushed upstairs to the private apartments, exclaiming "Where's mamma!" while yet another ran past the guard-room, with her dress pulled over her head, crying out "Appa appa! I say, what is this? What is this?" while one of the medical profession went down from the top of the Pavilion, saying "I am dead, I am dead." The Commanding Officer of the Volunteers was seen making "masterly retreat" in the direction of the Queen's Court, with two coolies putting him on the back and paying him other attentions. On arrival near the Town-hall, he was seized upon by two Municipal clerks, who set to work in most orthodox manner to examine his head, and then his face, ears, eyes, while a third, whose name I do not know, stood by with a bottle of juice extracted from the hulk. A worthy cleric was seen making hasty tracks, towards the Colonial Secretary's lodge followed by the Private Secretary, and on bringing up they were seen to practise a *pas de quatre* on the said cleric gentleman's hat! Such scenes had never before been witnessed in the Pavilion or any other grounds. Crowds of natives gathered round each of the entrance gates, eager to know "what was up?" Well, "what was up?" Why all this commotion? Had it been possible for the ghost of Dr. Watts of hymnal celebrity to appear on the scene, he might have gratified his curiosity. He was of an inquisitive turn of mind, as probably most of your readers will be by this time. He wrote: "How duth the little busy bee?" Had he been present he would have ascertained for himself how the busy bee "duth" under certain circumstances at any rate, and would have joined in the general stampede that took place regardless of the presence of the representative of Royalty, with his curiosity gratified. Now to the cause of all this. It was the "bambara," a well-known insect of the genus *Apis* of no small proportions. A swarm had settled the previous night on the porch of the Pavilion, and I was informed that a driver of one of the carriages present had, whether accidentally or not, in pure curiosity as the *bambara* would have it, struck them with his whip. The bees, peaceful and quiet if left alone, resented this treatment; the queen issued her orders, and her soldiers, only too ready to obey her commands, rushed forth in

numbers to avenge her offended dignity on the public met together to do honour to our Queen's representative and his worthy spouse! It was a painful and at the same time a laughable ending to what promised to be a happy and pleasant afternoon.

Nearly every one present was stung more or less, the bees following their victims for long distances; and some are still suffering from the effects. There were great demands for ammonia, sal-volatile, laudanum, and lastly a capital remedy—the saline besides the remedy I mentioned of the juice extracted from the hulk of the area-cut used commonly by the natives. A horse belonging to Colonel Lowry was very badly stung, and is suffering a good deal; for a time he could not be got to move.

CHEFOO.

Chefoo, 9th March, 1892.

All has been hurry and scurry here during the past three or four days, with the unexpected arrival of quite a number of steamers from Shanghai and their sudden departure for Tientsin. Some four or five, which were bound up direct, had to put into Chefoo to coal. A change has come over the scene, and the bustle and activity of business have completely routed us up from our long and lethargic winter slumber.

I am pleased to be able to announce that yesterday the German Consul here received a telegraphic despatch from his Excellency, the German Minister at Peking, directing, on behalf of his Government, that the sum of \$300 be divided among the native crew of the Customs' boat that was sent on the 7th ult. to rescue one foreigner (Mr. Freytag) and several Chinese from the wreck of the *Marfa*, after their all-night exposure to a furious blizzard.

His Excellency further desires the conveyance to Messrs. Ottaway, Henzog, Freytag, Callender and Voss his warmest felicitations and high appreciation of what he is pleased to consider their splendid behaviour on the occasion in question.—N. C. Daily News Correspondent.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE EDITOR, WHO IS ALSO THE MAYOR, HAS A CERTAIN DIGNITY TO MAINTAIN.

BETTER THAN EVER.—In sending out our annual prospectus it is meet that we should add a few more words for the benefit of the public. Three years ago, the first night we arrived in this town, we had to sleep in a wagon on the public square. For nearly a year any one who so desired could kick us and feel sure of getting away without a counter. It was eight months before we could indulge in the luxury of an 80-cent night-shirt.

To-day we are not only owner and editor of the greatest weekly paper in the West, but the roof of the *Kicker's* office also covers a grocery, a meat market, a shoe store, a saddlery, a gun shop and a factory, each and every one an individual property, and all run, like the spokes of a wheel, from a common centre. Further, we are Mayor of this town, having been elected by an overwhelming majority, and are the only citizen deserving the name of capitalist.

The *Kicker* for the coming year will be brighter and better than ever, as a matter of course. We shall introduce new features and new departments, keep the tone up to its high standard and only ask \$2 per year for what will really be worth at least \$5.

IT LOOKS THE WAY.—While Major Callahan was going up the alley in the rear of the Post-office the other day he discovered a bundle containing twelve copies of the *Kicker* which had been mailed to a town in Nevada, but which Mr. Wamaker's Postmaster in this town had no doubt deliberately thrown out in order to spite us. This isn't the first instance by fifty, as our readers are well aware. The Major hit the nail on the head when he came into the office with the bundle and remarked that we could have to "remove" the Postmaster, before we could expect anything like decent treatment.

It looks that way. We have had four separate encounters with him, in every one of which we came off first best. He is now carrying two of our bullets in his body, and the doctor succeeded in digging out one or two others. We are not a quarrelsome man, but the editor of the *Kicker* (who is myself) and the Mayor of this town (who is also myself) have a certain dignity to maintain, and are also guaranteed certain rights under the sacred Constitution. They will make one more effort toward a restoration of harmony at the Post-office, and failing to secure it will feel it their duty to give Mr. Wamaker's man a chance to draw, and then arrange for his wicked soul to wing its flight to other lands.

"WHY HE NEVER LOOKED BEHIND HIM."

"After this I never looked behind me." This is a very common expression. What do people mean by it? Lo! your wife looked behind her and was changed into a pillar of salt. A locomotive driver in America looked behind him one day last summer and so didn't see an open drawbridge in front of him. Hence a wreck and great loss of life. A man in London who looked behind him and was run down by a hansom. What shall we do as a rule? Look behind us or not?

We introduce a man who says he never looked behind him—after a certain time. How are we to take his meaning? Why, by letting him explain it. He goes on to say that one day in February, 1880, he was suddenly seized with distinct forebodings in his head. Like all healthy people under similar circumstances, he didn't know what to make of it. He says he felt strange and queer, he shivered as though the weather had suddenly turned cold, and then flushed with the heat as though it had turned hot again. What did he do?

His doctor said he was attacked with influenza, and ordered him to bed. He went to bed. A few days later the fever left him, but the illness did not. It merely assumed another form. His tongue looked like a piece of brown leather, and his skin and the whites of his eyes became yellow, like old parchment. He was unable to eat, and when the old man tried to eat, the food went against him, and after he had swallowed it by main force, it caused such pain in the chest, side and stomach that he wished he had let it alone. Then his heart began to palpitate, and he says he felt low, languid, and tired. He had what he called a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach and a craving which nothing satisfied.

Being unable to take any but liquid food he grew so weak that he was barely able to walk. Thus his own words tell him once more, and, to quote his own words, "as I sat in my chair I could hear my heart thumping as if somebody were pounding me on the back."

This showed that the heart had too much work on hand and was struggling under it like a horse trying to carry two men. "I got very little sleep at night," he says, "and would lie awake for hours tossing about on the bed."—This sort of thing is very wearing, and he did not suppose to learn that he lost flesh little by little of him, but skin and bone. "My cheeks," he says, "sank in until they were almost drawn together, and people shook their heads and predicted that my time in this world was nearly up. Still I had all confidence in my physician and kept on taking his medicine. From first to last I took some forty or fifty bottles of it (of all kinds) without benefit."

Finally, one day the doctor scolded my lungs and asked me if any of our family died of consumption. He said that the heart palpitation was caused by dyspepsia. Then he said I had better take further advice by going to see some more for me. This was also the end of his treatment. I got up all hopes of getting better, and, indeed, no one expected me to live.

Intimations.

ROBERT LANG & CO.

DRESS SUITS.

NEWEST MATERIALS, FROM \$30, SILK LINED. A VERY LARGE SELECTION OF SCOTCH TWEEDS AND OTHER SUITINGS. EVENING DRESS SHIRTS, latest style.

EVENING DRESS TIES AND GLOVES.

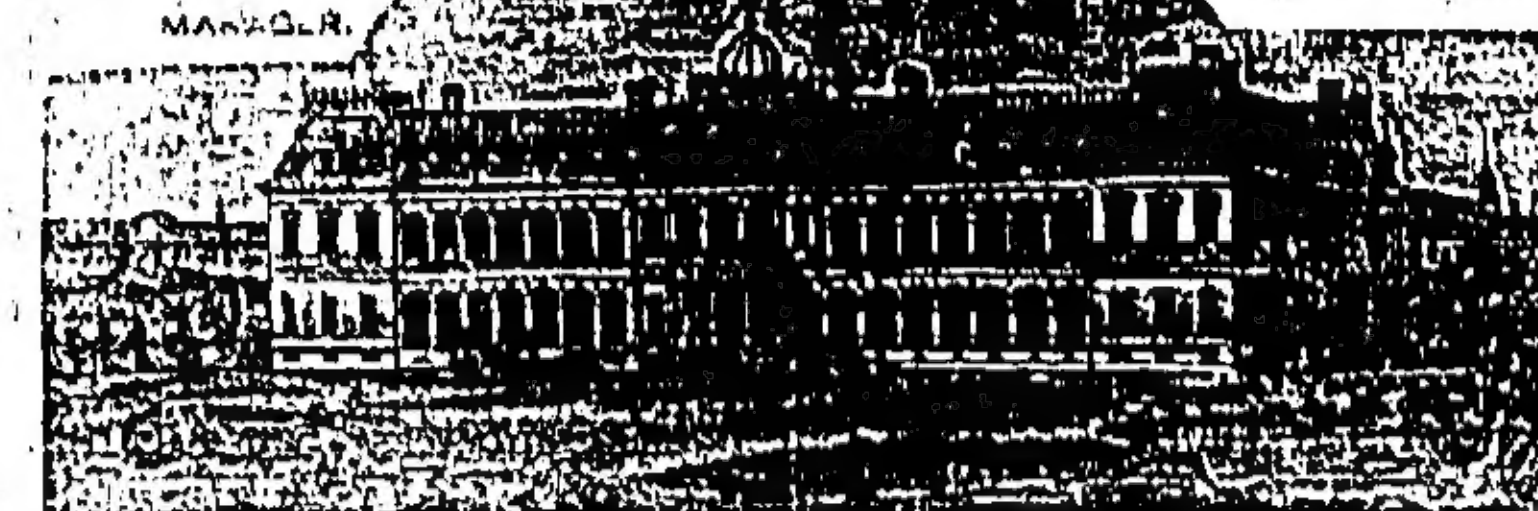
EVENING DRESS' S HOSE, SILK, THREAD, and MERINO. EVENING DRESS SHOES AND PUMPS.

Hongkong, 27th November 1901

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL LTD.

C. S. ARTHUR, MANAGER.

TOKIO, JAPAN.



THE FINEST HOTEL IN THE EAST.

(Under the distinguished patronage of the Imperial Household.)

THIS fine hotel is situated within five minutes' drive of the terminus of the Yokohama-Tokyo Railway and is in near proximity to the Imperial Palace, the Parliament House and the Chief Public Offices.

There are no inside rooms, thus securing well lighted, ventilated and cheerful accommodations. The Cuisine cannot be surpassed, and the aim of the management is to provide for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. The attractions of Tokyo are countless, and the religious and floral festivals being of daily occurrence are to be seen at their best and on a grander scale than in any other portion of Japan. All the noted actors, wrestlers and jugglers make the capital their headquarters.

RATES, \$3 TO \$4.50 PER DAY.

C. S. ARTHUR, Manager.

Today's Advertisements.

WOODYEAR'S

AUSTRALIAN

CIRCUS.

BOWRINGTON.



FRIDAY EVENING, March 12th.

RE-OPENING OF THIS POPULAR SHOW.

OLYMPIAN SPORTS.

SINGLE STICK.

SWORD & BAYONET.

BROADSWORD, &c., &c.

ALL THE CHOICEST ACTS OF OUR EXTENSIVE REPERTOIRE.

Look out for the International

TUG-OF-WAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, March 19th.

The great eight-round boxing contest

between

BILLY WATERS and TED BROWN.

WALTER HARLAND, Proprietor.

Hongkong, 16th March, 1892. [329]

BOXING! BOXING! BOXING!

A GENUINE

Eight-round Glove contest

(UNDER MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES)

will take place in

WOODYEAR'S CIRCUS RING,

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BILLY WATERS,

THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT OF

BRITISH-COLUMBIA,

AND

EDWARD BROWN,

the well-known heavy-weight of

CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

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SATURDAY EVENING, March 19th,

The Principals will enter the Ring at 8 o'clock sharp.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Private box (six seats) ... \$12.00

Box seats ... 2.00

Chairs ... 1.50

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Flats ... 50

W. HARLAND, Manager.

Hongkong, 16th March, 1892. [330]

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FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP

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(Formerly articled Apprentice, and lately assistant to Dr. ROGERS).

HAS REMOVED TO

THE BANK BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S ROAD, (above Messrs. Dakin, Bank of China, Ltd.)

CONSULTATION FREE. Hongkong, 9th July, 1891. [331]

PERSEVERANCE LODGE OF HONGKONG, No. 1,165.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above named Lodge will be held in the FREE-MASONS' HALL, Zealand Street, THIS EVENING, at 8.15 instant, at 8.30 for 9 p.m. precisely. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited. Hongkong, 16th March, 1892. [309]

THE CHINA AND MANILA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR MANILA

